How anſwere you that?

Snout. Berlakin, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue, we muſt leaue the killing, out, when is done.

Bott. Not a whit: I haue a deuiſe to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay, we will do no harme, with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tel them that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weauer: this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well: wee will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No: make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelfe, to bring in (God ſhielde vs) a Lyon among Ladies, is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more feareful wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: & we ought to looke toote.

Sno. Therfore, another Prologue muſt tel, he is not a Lion.

Bot. Nay: you muſt name his name, and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lions necke, and he himſelfe muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect: Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No: I am no ſuch thing: I am a man as other men are: & there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainely he is *Snugge*, the ioyner.

Quin. Well: it ſhall be ſo: but there is two hard things: that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine, that night, we play our Play

Bo.

Bo. A Calender, a Calender: looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-ſhine, finde out Moone-ſhine.

Quin. Yes: it doth ſhine that night.

Cet. Why then, may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. I: or els, one muſt come in, with a bundle of thorne, & a lātern, and ſay he comes to diſfigure, or to repreſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then, there is one thing more, we muſt haue a wal in the great chāber: for *Pyramus* & his *Thiſby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the hole of a wal.

Sno. You can neuer bring in a wal. What ſay you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him haue ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome roughcaſt about him, to ſignifie wall; or let him holde his fingers thus, and through that crany, ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come ſit euery mothers ſonne, and reherſe your parts. *Pyramus* you beginne: when you haue ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Ro. What hempen home-ſpunnes haue we ſwaggering here, So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?

What, a play toward? Ile be an Auditor,

An Actor too perhappes, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speake *Pyramus*: *Thyſby* ſtand forth.

Pyra. *Thiſby* the flowers of odious ſauours ſweete.

Quin. Odours, odorous.

Py. Odours ſauours ſweete.

So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thiſby* deare.

But harke, a voice: ſtay thou but heere a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare.

Quin. A ſtranger *Pyramus*, then ere play'd here.

Thyſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Midsummer Night's Dream* (STC 22302) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.29